

of his visits to the banker's stateroom, but his testimony threw no light on the precise cause of Mr. Ladenburg's death. All the officers, stewards and assistants on the vessel were questioned, but none of them, the purser said, had seen the banker leave his room, and Evans was the only one who had seen him after 8 p. m. on Wednesday night.

Watch and Money Found.

At the purser's request Mr. W. S. Russell, of Detroit, one of the saloon voyagers, assisted him in taking an inventory of Mr. Ladenburg's effects. Under the pillow in the berth were found his gold watch and chain and a pocketbook found in one of the pockets of his trousers contained \$125. A careful inventory was taken of the contents of the trunk and valise, and then the stateroom was locked and sealed.

When the Niagara reached her pier yesterday morning the news of the banker's death was at once sent to his late home, No. 13 East Thirty-eighth street. The news of her husband's tragic fate was a terrible shock to Mrs. Ladenburg. She had been expecting his return all day, and in the morning had sent a messenger to the Ward Line pier to inquire for news of the Niagara. After a messenger had delivered his sad tidings he hastened to the home of Edward Thalmann, one of the partners of the banking firm, at No. 10 East Fifth street.

Mr. Thalmann and his wife, however, had become impatient at the delayed arrival of Mr. Ladenburg, and had started for the Landing house to inquire for him. At Forty-fourth street and Fifth avenue they met the butler, breathless with excitement. As soon as Mr. Thalmann had learned of the death of his friend and partner, he cautioned the butler against breaking the news to his wife, and then drove to the Ward Line pier at Wall street and the East River.

Banker Thalmann, after learning the details of Mr. Ladenburg's disappearance, warned Purser Pemberton to say nothing about the occurrence. The purser declared, however, that no message of any kind from Mr. Ladenburg was found in the stateroom and that there was nothing on which to base a theory of suicide.

Asked for Morphine.

Mr. Stevens, Mrs. Ladenburg's father, visited the Niagara yesterday afternoon, and closely questioned the stewards of the vessel. The chief steward told him that Mr. Ladenburg came to him at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening and requested the steward to inject some morphine in his arm. The banker was in great pain, but the steward refused the request, as he declared he did not know how to administer the drug.

Mr. Ladenburg returned to his room, and, it is supposed, injected morphine himself, as he was apparently sleeping at 11 p. m., when Evans went to close the air port. It is surmised that Mr. Ladenburg later on awakened from the sleep induced by the morphine and in a half dazed condition wandered up the grand stairway and so out on the promenade deck when he was immediately swept into the sea. A quantity of morphine was found in the stateroom, but Purser Pemberton would say nothing about it.

Later Mr. Thalmann telegraphed the sad news to Mrs. Ladenburg's parents and uncle at Lawrence, L. I., and urged them to come on at once. They obeyed the summons promptly, reaching this city about 4:30 p. m. Then in company with Mr. Thalmann they repaired to Mrs. Ladenburg's home.

In the meantime the latter's physician, Dr. Lambert, had been summoned, and he found her prostrated with grief.

Mr. Thalmann said that he was certain Mr. Ladenburg's death was accidental, as there was no reason for him to commit suicide. His ailment he said had caused him intense suffering at times and that on such occasions he would take hypodermic injections of morphine to alleviate the pain.

May Have Taken Morphine.

It is probable, Mr. Thalmann thought, that on the night Mr. Ladenburg disappeared he had had particularly severe attack of pain and had sought relief in morphine. If that is the case his strange wanderings from his stateroom to the deck might easily be explained. He had done everything possible to rid himself of his ailment and had been under treatment for it from Dr. Charles McBurney, of No. 20 West Thirty-seventh street.

During his stay at Palm Beach and in Nassau he wrote long letters to his wife and partners, inquiring after their health and business. From the tone of his letters he was evidently worried at his failure to find the hoped-for cure that he had journeyed south for, but there was nothing in them that would intimate his intention to do away with himself.

"I learned on visiting the Niagara to-day," Mr. Thalmann said, "that when Mr. Ladenburg boarded the steamer he was in good spirits, apparently. He said to the purser of the vessel, who is also the ship's doctor, that he wanted to get a good shaking up, and he hoped for severe weather on the trip. On Wednesday he was seized with sea sickness and took to his bed."

"He was last seen there at 11 o'clock that night, when Evans, the head steward, visited his room. We last heard from Mr. Ladenburg a week ago to-day, when he telegraphed us of his intended departure for home."

A Great Financier.

Mr. Ladenburg was one of the most prominent and successful figures in finance both here and in Europe. The operations of the firm of which he was the head were more extensive than those of any other house in this country, with the possible exception of J. P. Morgan & Co. He was equally prosperous in the realizations of his secret ambitions, his wife and himself being among the leaders of the 400.

Included in his firm were Ernest Thalmann and Richard Limburger, in this city, with Julius Schwabach and Hans and Georg von Bleichroeder, sons of the celebrated German financier, as special partners, in Berlin. The elder Bleichroeder had been a special partner in the firm until January 1, 1895, when he retired to make room for his two sons.

It has long been claimed in Wall Street that Prince Bismarck was also a special partner in the firm, but Ladenburg and his partners have always strenuously denied this. The report first gained circulation and credence during the Franco-Prussian war, when all the news of that conflict that could be of assistance to the firm in a financial way was cabled them days in advance to the published reports or news through other sources. In fact, it is claimed that the proposed declaration of war in that instance was known to them a week before it was issued, which enabled them to operate with great success, and which tended to confirm the belief of Bismarck's connection with them.

Rated Highly Abroad.

The firm has a very substantial reputation throughout Europe, where, through their heavy dealing in foreign exchange,

their bills are rated very highly in all the capitals of that country. They are also heavy arbitrage brokers, trading extensively between London and New York in stock and bonds. They have, too, a considerable clientele throughout the United States, being represented in Philadelphia, Chicago and Washington, with private wires leading direct from these branches into their home office on Wall street.

Because of their substantial connections in Berlin and London they possess unlimited influence with all the railroads in this country in which foreign investors are interested in any extent. These same foreign connections have also made them prominent as shippers of gold between New York, London and Berlin.

This house controls a number of small railroads and the three members of the firm and directors in several railroads of greater importance and industrial enterprises. They have been interested in all of the Morgan syndicates excepting the last one, and in the one which was formed to buy \$200,000,000 worth of bonds from the Government, the Ladenburg firm took a \$150,000 interest. Their operations on this occasion were fruitless because of the decision of the President to issue a popular loan.

In the Stewart Syndicate.

The firm became associated with John A. Stewart, and they were represented in his bid for \$80,000,000 by a very large interest. This bid, which was \$10,075, will be remembered, was unsuccessful because of the bid of the Morgan syndicate of \$10,0877. The firm was identified with the two Stewart syndicates, which succeeded in securing the two loans of February and November, 1894, and were the principal parties in the Morgan syndicate, which purchased \$62,000,000 worth of bonds from the Government in 1895. The firm is also interested in all the large underwriting syndicates formed by J. P. Morgan & Co. and other houses to guarantee the success of the reorganization plans of railroads and large industrial companies.

Mr. Ladenburg had been a resident of this city for about sixteen years. He came here in 1879 to make a tour of the country. His fame as a financier had preceded him and he was so well received during his brief stay that he became charmed with life in this city and concluded to locate here. He returned to Germany, where he wound up his business interests and then abandoned his old home and associates for a permanent residence in this city.

That was in 1880, and in the same year he formed the partnership with Messrs. Thalmann & Limburger that has now been severed by his death. Mr. Ladenburg was born in Frankfurt-on-the-Main forty-two years ago. He received a university education in that city, and later on became identified with his father's banking house in Berlin. His father, who is reputed to be one of the wealthiest men in Germany, and his brother now live in Berlin. Soon after Mr. Ladenburg established his business in this city he became a member of the Stock exchange and later joined the Cotton and Produce exchanges.

About twelve years ago Mr. Ladenburg met Miss Emily Stevens, daughter of Alexander H. Stevens, president of the Sixth National Bank, of this city. They were married nine years ago and the event was one of the greatest social successes of the time. Miss Stevens was and is to-day one of the most beautiful women in the city. She is an expert horsewoman and her horses and dogs, with which she is well supplied, are among the most magnificent specimens of their kind in the country. The Ladenburg home, at No. 13 East Thirty-eighth street, is a model of tasteful elegance. Its arrangement is of the old-fashioned type, the entrance being level with the sidewalk. Here the family, which includes an eleven-months-old daughter, lives throughout the winter months and at Newport during the summer.

LAST SEEN OF LADENBURG.

Companion of the Banker Tells of the Trip Which Ended in the Disappearance.

Philadelphia, Feb. 23.—H. C. Howes, of the firm of Howes & Smith, fruit dealers, of this city, was one of the passengers on the steamer Niagara, from which Adolph Ladenburg disappeared. He knew the missing man quite well, having met him in Nassau some weeks ago. While both men were in Cuba Mr. Howes suddenly decided to return to this country and take passage on the Niagara. Much to his surprise Mr. Ladenburg decided to accompany him, in spite of the fact that he had intended to remain in the South for some time.

Tuesday, when the Niagara was several hours out from Nassau harbor, the two men sat smoking at the stern of the vessel. Late in the afternoon Mr. Ladenburg showed signs of nervousness and remarked that he did not feel well.

"These sea voyages don't always suit me," he said, "I feel myself growing sick and will have to retire to my stateroom."

After dinner Mr. Howes suggested that they resume their former position in the stern of the vessel, and Mr. Ladenburg said, "No," replied Mr. Ladenburg, "I think I'll retire. I don't feel at all well this evening."

"Very well, then," said Mr. Howes, "I'll come into the stateroom to see how you are later."

In speaking of the incident Mr. Howes, who was seen at his home, No. 1432 North Fifteenth street, stated that he did not regard Mr. Ladenburg's ailment as anything more than a case of sea sickness, and felt little surprised when the time came, on the following day, the banker grew worse instead of better. Mr. Howes began to feel some alarm for his friend.

"About 4 o'clock Wednesday morning," Mr. Howes said, "Mr. Ladenburg sent for the steward of the vessel, and when the latter came into the stateroom he asked him to open a small satchel and take from it a case containing a hypodermic syringe and a small vial of morphine. Then he asked the steward whether he knew how to use the syringe in injecting morphine, and when the steward replied that he did not Mr. Ladenburg took the syringe from him and injected the morphine himself."

"He continued to take hypodermic injections during the day, and toward evening he fell into a doze, awakening about 5:30 o'clock."

"He seemed to rest easier after this, and when the steward came into the stateroom later in the evening Mr. Ladenburg asked him to open the porthole to let in some air. The steward said this was against the rules, but, in order to humor the sick man, he did as he was requested. Then the steward withdrew, after telling Mr. Ladenburg that the watchman would see that he received proper attention during the night. A heavy sea was running all night, the wind was blowing a gale and when the watchman went into the stateroom, about 11 o'clock, he sealed the porthole, telling Mr. Ladenburg that the storm was

too severe to leave it open any longer. Then the watchman withdrew. He did not receive a call from Mr. Ladenburg's stateroom during the remainder of the night. "About 6 o'clock the next morning the steward entered the stateroom to see whether or not the banker wanted anything, and, much to his surprise, found the stateroom empty. He waited a few minutes, thinking the sick man had gone back to the lavatory on the starboard side, but, finding that he did not return, rushed down and told the purser that a passenger was missing from the vessel."

"One of the deck hands, who was standing near when the remark was made, construed it to mean that some one had either fallen or jumped into the ocean, and immediately he set a ring of alarm 'Man overboard!' This brought all the members of the crew from different parts of the ship, and many of the passengers were aroused by the cries of distress at that unseasonable hour."

"A hasty investigation disclosed the fact that Ladenburg had left the stateroom with only his pajamas on. Whether he had committed suicide by jumping overboard or had wandered out on the deck and had been thrown into the sea by the steamship's careening is a matter which will never be known. He just disappeared, that's all, and this is as much as any one knows about it."

When asked the result of the examination of Mr. Ladenburg's stateroom and his personal effects, Mr. Howes stated that the clothing and belongings had not been disturbed.

FELL ON THE HORSE'S BACK.

A Young Woman and Her Escort Thrown from a Carriage.

Fifth avenue was crowded with vehicles of every description about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon when a dog cart, in which were a handsome young woman and a gay young man dashed down the avenue. When opposite the Windsor Hotel the horse slipped and threw out both the occupants. The young woman alighted on the horse's back. The animal attempted to rise, thus endangering her life. Some bystanders rushed to her rescue and dragged her uninjured from the horse's back.

The young man, who caught the dashboard, escaped without injury. The broken vehicle was returned to the stable from which it had been taken and the couple hailed a cab and departed.

THE UNCANNY "IT" GONE.

Peace and Quiet Reigns in the Morrison Street Cottage.

Peace and contentment once more reign in the pretty cottage on Morrison street, where for nearly a month the inmates, who had been driven from their homes by the breaking of their rest and making life generally burdensome. Its last manifestations were made Saturday, when evidences of its presence were seen in garret and parlor, and it was also heard in the walls at various places. It is gone, however, its disappearance being as mysterious as its appearance; but the peaceful quiet that has since superseded the ordeal is almost too great a luxury to the ladies, whose shattered nerves are still overwrought by the recollections of the terrible story. The "it" had only just started at a misplaced article or the slightest noise that approaches anything like the sounds made by the invisible "it."

The various deserted rooms up and downstairs, which looked as if struck by a cyclone, are being refitted, and the furniture is being replaced within a few days nothing will remain of the "it" but its unpleasant recollections. As to what "it" is, or was, may forever remain a mystery, and whether a vessel, word, mountain rat, or spook, or all combined, its many mysterious capers, its evidences in escaping detection, and its ability to make its future will always give it a sufficient touch of the occult to afford food for any amount of conjecture.

The ladies are not yet quite free from the annoyance of cranks and spiritualists, with their remedies, and the latest phase of interest in the occult has developed itself among a number of leading business women, who are endeavoring to secure a promise to be given an opportunity to "see" it in their stateroom windows. It caught "it" had succeeded in making its appearance throughout the city, such a capture and an advertisement. "It," however, was not in the advertising business.

Will Never Prosecute a Woman.

[Philadelphia Record.]

The coming marriage of ex-President Harrison to Mrs. Mary Lord Dimmick, of New York, recalls the extreme reference with which the General had always regarded the gentler sex. No more striking illustration of this could be found than Mr. Harrison's conduct toward Nancy E. Clem, charged with murder, in which he was one of the attorneys in the prosecution. Together with Silas Hartman and William J. Abrams, she was charged with having murdered Jacob Young and his wife, of Indianapolis, Ind. She was tried four times. Twice the jury disagreed, and twice she was sentenced to life imprisonment. On each time the Supreme Court reversed the decision. After the second trial the case was taken to Lebanon, Ind., on a change of venue. Marion County spent over \$10,000 in the prosecution, but after the Supreme Court had reversed the verdict of guilty rendered at the fourth trial, the case was dismissed.

During his argument in the last trial General Harrison continued to refer to Mrs. Clem as "that woman," and always in a disparaging manner. When asked by Major Gordon why he had been so considerate, he replied: "Major, no man ever hates a woman who has done as still a woman, and I won't abuse her." After the jury had gone out Mr. Harrison went over to Mrs. Clem, who was crying, and asked her whether she had anything to say. As he turned away he remarked to Senator Harrison: "Don't ever prosecute another woman," and he kept his word.

An American Pianist.

[Paris Letter, Philadelphia Telegraph.]

A young American pianist gave a very successful concert at the Salle Erard the other night, and the American colony turned out in force to applaud his countryman. The concert was given by Louis Stransky, but he very absurdly called himself Stransky, for this occasion only. As he has great talent he has shown his sense in dropping henceforward his Polish nom de guerre and returning to his Anglo-Saxon appellation. Mr. Stransky is engaged as pianist for the concert troupe that Louise Nikita, the pretty little American songstress, is to preside over as star on a forthcoming tour through Continental Europe.

A Real Romance.

[Boston Journal.]

Fifty years ago W. S. M. Sorrel saw the picture of an unknown young woman, and made a vow that he would marry her or nobody. Years passed without his being able to discover the original of the picture, but he kept his vow. He went to Golden, Col., and became a doctor. Three years ago he accidentally discovered that the lady was Mrs. Aiken, of St. Augustine, Fla. He married her, and after three years of married life, however, her husband left her, and she got a divorce from him a few days ago. Almost immediately afterward she was married to the man who had been loving her all these fifty years.

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MR. KELSO STAYS AT HIS WIFE'S SIDE.

The Grief-Stricken Husband Is Hardly Ever Absent from Bellevue.

Woman Who in an Insane Fit Killed Her Two Children Recovering from Her Wounds.

NOTED PHYSICIANS EXAMINE HER.

Possibility That She Will Be Confined in an Asylum—Bodies of the Children Cremated and Their Funeral Held Yesterday.

George R. Kelso, the grief-stricken husband of Mrs. Edith Kelso, who shot to death her two babies, Ethel and George R. Kelso, Jr., at their home, last Thursday night, and then attempted to commit suicide by cutting the arteries of her left wrist, was at Bellevue Hospital yesterday.

From early morning until far into the night this poor man, haggard and worn from his terrible grief, haunted the hospital. He has not been absent from the institution more than five hours of the twenty-four of each day since his wife was taken there.

Between his visits to his wife he passes up and down the corridors and the courtyard of the hospital, not uttering a word, and with his eyes fixed on the ground, apparently absorbed in his sorrow.

After spending a good part of yesterday afternoon with Mrs. Kelso, he left the hospital, but returned in two hours and began his tramp, tramp on the outside wall, and was dressed in a suit of black clothes, black overcoat and derby hat. The expression on his face would easily tell any close observer that the man was undergoing a terrible mental strain, even were he not aware of the facts in the case. No one of the many attendants in the institution could be found who had seen the man of sorrow speak to any one in or around the hospital but his wife, except the first time he visited the place after she was taken there. The gatekeepers permit him to enter without asking any question.

MRS. KELSO'S CONDITION.

Mrs. Kelso's mental condition was about the same yesterday as it has been since she killed the children and tried to kill herself on Thursday last. The two gashes which she made on her left wrist with a razor are healing, but it will probably be a week before she will be sufficiently recovered from her injuries to be able to attend the inquest which Coroner Hoebner will hold in the case. Until the inquest is held Mr. Kelso will not decide what action to take in regard to her. He may place her in a private insane asylum, but hopes to escape that further ordeal.

He has engaged Charles W. Brooke, the lawyer, to look after his wife's interests. Professor Carlos MacDonald and Dr. Alexander McLean Hamilton, at the request of Mr. Kelso, yesterday made an examination of Mrs. Kelso's mental condition, and will probably make another examination Tuesday. Both refused last night to divulge the result of their examination. After the funeral services Saturday over Ethel and George R. Kelso, who were killed by their mother while she was temporarily insane, the bodies were taken to a crematory. Only the relatives and immediate friends of the family were admitted to the funeral services, which were held at No. 148 West Ninety-fifth street, the home of Mr. George Bradford Kelso, the grief-stricken father. Rev. Dr. Bradley, of St. Agnes's Protestant Episcopal Church, in West Ninety-second street, officiated.

ASHES TAKEN TO GREENWOOD.

Mr. Kelso, as soon as the services were ended, returned to Bellevue Hospital, and remained by the side of his wife in the female prison ward until day broke, when he went back to his desolate home so to accompany the ashes of his little ones to their last resting place, in Greenwood Cemetery. Two white hearse drove up to the house shortly before 10 a. m. yesterday, and the little caskets containing the ashes were placed inside of them. A crowd of children, some of them playmates of the little victims, gathered in front of the house as the little party of mourners came down the steps.

Mr. Kelso looked haggard and worn, showing plainly the effect of the terrible sorrow through which he has passed. Four male friends accompanied him to the cemetery. At Greenwood the caskets were placed in the vaults that had been prepared for their reception.

MRS. MAYBRICK TO BE FREED.

Continued from First Page.

senational trial came to public notice in March, 1880. At that time Mrs. Maybrick wrote to a housekeeper in London, ordering rooms for her sister-in-law and her husband, who were to pay a visit to town. The sister-in-law knew nothing of this, but Mrs. Maybrick herself went to London and there spent several days, meeting Mr. Albert Brierly, as appeared in the evidence in the trial. Going back to Liverpool Mrs. Maybrick went with her husband to a steeplesmith's meeting, and there on the course they had a violent quarrel concerning Mr. Brierly's attentions. Mr. Maybrick, it appears, struck his wife, and she made arrangements to leave him. Through the interposition of a maid servant a partial reconciliation took place.

A few weeks after this Maybrick was taken ill. It was observed that after taking his medicine Mr. Maybrick grew worse, and his brothers, suspecting Mrs. Maybrick, went to live in the house and professional nurses were hired. On Wednesday, May 8, Mrs. Maybrick wrote a letter and gave it to the children's nurse to mail. The nurse gave it to the baby to carry, and the baby dropped it in the mud. The nurse then opened it, as she said, to put it in a clean envelope, and having opened it, attracted by the opening "Dearest," and "My own darling," gave it to Mr. Maybrick's brother. It was this letter that convicted Mrs. Maybrick.

"Since my return I have been nursing all day and night. He is sick unto death. The doctors held a consultation yesterday. Now all depends upon how long his strength will

hold out. Both my brothers-in-law are here and we are terribly anxious. I cannot answer your letter fully to-day, darling, but believe your mind of all fears of discovery now or in the future. I have been delicious since Sunday, and I know he is ignorant of everything."

This letter was addressed to Albert Brierly and signed "Your own Florrie." The following day Mr. Maybrick grew worse, and on Saturday, May 11, he died. Mr. Michael Maybrick, the brother, believed that his suspicions justified a post-mortem. This revealed that Mr. Maybrick's body contained less than one one-hundredth of a grain of arsenic. This could not have caused death. All the physicians present decided that death was caused by gastro-enteritis, which might have been caused by certain foods. But all the usual symptoms of arsenical poisoning except vomiting were absent in Mr. Maybrick's death.

Meanwhile, however, arsenic was found in quantities in Mrs. Maybrick's dressing room. There were a half dozen fly papers and several bottles containing arsenical solutions. These Mrs. Maybrick said she used for her complexion. She, however, admitted putting a white powder in Mr. Maybrick's bark tea at his request, but not knowing what it was. This proved to be arsenic.

On the strength of this evidence Mrs. Maybrick was arrested and indicted for poisoning her husband. The trial was held before Judge Stephen, and Mrs. Maybrick was defended by Sir Charles Russell. All the facts of the case were brought out on the trial. But it was also proved that Mr. Maybrick had for three or four years previous been taking arsenic in small quantities for some physical ailment. The fly papers were themselves in evidence. Judge Stephen was himself interested in these, and informed the court that he had heard that young ladies were in the habit of using arsenic as a cosmetic, and expressed interest in Dr. Briggs, of Brooklyn, whom Mrs. Maybrick said had given her the prescription. The Judge seemed to doubt the hypothetical Dr. Briggs. He, however, lives at No. 14 Lefferts place, Brooklyn, and has since recalled Mrs. Maybrick, when he first became acquainted with her—which was ten years ago, when she called upon him to attend her brother—as a beautiful young lady, about eighteen years of age, rather tall and slim, a decided brunette, with large, dark, hazel eyes and very black hair, a brilliant conversationalist, and a very entertaining companion. He had only met her during his visit to the family about three months and was surprised one day when she called on him for a prescription for beautifying the complexion, as, from her appearance, he thought there was not much room for improvement in her complexion.

The popular excitement in the trial which was to release or send an American woman to death was widespread. Judge Stephen's charge was one of the most remarkable in the history of jurisprudence. He literally took the case for the prosecution and argued it point by point, showing the crime in bold relief, and at every sentence dispelling the trembling woman's hopes of acquittal. The jury was out only an hour and thirty-eight minutes.

The foreman of the jury said: "We are agreed that the accused is guilty!" Then the clerk arraigned her and asked the customary question whether the prisoner had anything to say before sentence of death was passed. Haggard and trembling, Mrs. Maybrick rose and, with a reverential bow, addressed his Lordship in these words: "My Lord, evidence has been kept back from the jury, and I have been condemned. I would have been a free woman, would have been a free woman, would have been a free woman. I am not guilty of this crime."

Having said this, she sat down, gasping for breath and seemingly more dead than alive. The poor creature sobbed like a child, while the Judge, assuming the black cap, in solemn tones sentenced her to be hung by the neck until dead. For the moment Mrs. Maybrick tottered, then, putting aside the kindly offered assistance, slowly and falteringly descended the steps to her cell.

When the verdict reached the street howls and shouts rose at her. Numerous crude petitions were at once begun, memorializing the Home Secretary, who alone had power to exercise the prerogatives of mercy. Members of the Bar on both sides of the water discussed Judge Stephen's astonishing verdict. Of it Mr. Dewey then said:

"In my opinion the Judge's charge convicted her. Such a speech as Russell made, if made before an American jury, would have acquitted her. No American jury would have made such a charge as Judge Stephen made. He argued the case from beginning to end, and the jury could not help but see that he believed the woman guilty. Such a charge made by Judge Barrett would surely have convicted her in New York."

But the curious part was soon to follow. Judge Stephen began to show falling illness and subsequently died with his reason clouded, if one uses no harsher term. The storm of public feeling, the protests from every side thus fortified by Judge Stephen's fate, Mrs. Maybrick's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, and she was confined in Woking prison. The aged child was taken by the Crown to the Home Secretary in favor of Mrs. Maybrick's innocence, and the position of Mr. Home Secretary Matthews was maintained only by silence.

The Baroness de Roque, Mrs. Maybrick's mother, was indefatigable in her efforts for her daughter. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of this city sent \$1,000 for Mrs. Maybrick's expenses. In Washington city, with Mrs. Harrison at the head, an active interest in Mrs. Maybrick's behalf was manifested. This took the most prominent form in an open letter to Queen Victoria, published in the North American Review by Gail Hamilton, and certainly one of the most astounding pieces of composition doubtless that the Queen ever received. Home Secretary Matthews was himself the recipient of several kindred epistles.

From time to time sensational rumors of Mrs. Maybrick in prison were heard. One, that she had undergone several hemorrhages from sticking needles into her throat. These rumors were said to be part of the system of oppression Mrs. Maybrick was under. From the time of her addressment until the present case of Mrs. Maybrick has been before the people. The last organized public effort was made by Dr. Helen Dismore, in this country and in England, and a powerful Mrs. Maybrick Society has arisen, in which there are numbers of influential women enrolled. This agitation has borne fruit. The Home Secretary at length consented to give the evidence, with its later additions, to the public. Now that the excitement of the Maybrick case has died away the opinion generally accepted in England and elsewhere has been that Mrs. Maybrick is confined in Woking Prison on account, not of the murder of her husband, but of her association with Mr. Albert Brierly. Hence the later conviction that the punishment does not fit the crime.

SEVEN MET DEATH IN A SUNDAY FIRE.

Continued from First Page.

residence, first discovered the flames, and gaining an entrance over the rear fence, he dashed through the building arousing the inmates, most of whom were still in their beds. But quick as was his action the flames were more rapid, and egress by the staircases was shut off before half of the sixteen occupants of the dwelling had left their rooms. With all possibility of escape by the stairs cut off, owing to the flames and smoke which then filled the passageways, Mr. Armiger and other members of the family rushed to the windows of their apartments seeking relief in front from what appeared certain death in the background.

The servants on the fourth floor rushed downstairs, but could get no lower than the second story, where they were driven into the sleeping rooms of the other inmates of the house. With closed doors behind them to keep out the flames and smoke the servants, too, rushed to the windows, crying piteously for help. Two maid servants, who were in the kitchen at the time the fire was discovered, escaped by the rear door. There were then penned up in the building fourteen persons, all shrieking for assistance.

As soon as the fire department arrived nets were stretched beneath the windows and the firemen called to the terror-stricken persons at the windows to jump. The crowd in the street, not realizing the extent of the fire and smoke within the house, yelled "Don't jump." The bewildered inmates held back, and some of them disappeared from the windows. Apparently, they went back for clothing, or, perhaps, for some treasured possessions. It was a fatal move and in most instances cost a life.

BRAVE ACT OF A FIREMAN.

Policeman Carlos and Crove broke in the front door. It was a fatal mistake, for it only gave the fire, which had begun in the basement, the draught it needed and it roared through the hallways and up the stairs with greater fierceness than ever. The policemen could not reach the impeded people, for the stairs were then in a mass of flames and the smoke blinding. The drama had by this time thrown up ladders in the front of the house and District Chief McAfee climbed to the second story window, where Mrs. Armiger was crying for help.

The ladder did not quite reach the window, and there was the wildest excitement in the audience below as McAfee stood on the upper round of the ladder and grasped the window sill for support. He encouraged Mrs. Armiger to swing herself out of the window. As the Chief grasped her with one arm he steadied himself with the other, and having the one step down the ladder when it slipped, and McAfee, with the woman in one arm and with the other holding to the window frame, dangled in the air. A cry of horror went up from the crowd as it saw the peril of the daring fireman and his human burden. Fortunately for them, McAfee caught the top round of the ladder on his toe, and, pulling it back into place, released his hold upon the window and quickly descended with the woman to the sidewalk.

A great cheer went up as rescued and rescuer reached terra firma. The fire, which had been burning in the basement, appeared the face of a man. He raised the window and reached out his hands, shouting to the multitude below. It sent him back an encouraging shout, but a moment later, before a ladder could be run up, he disappeared. When the firemen reached the window the body of the man was found lying beneath it, motionless and badly burned. It was Harold Manuel, New York stock broker and banker. In his arms was little Richard Riley, a grandson of Mr. Armiger, also dead.

Alice J. Williams, one of the colored servants, suddenly appeared at one of the fourth story windows, shrieking wildly. She tore up the window with a crash, and leaped far out over the pavement. "Don't jump; don't jump!" cried a hundred voices. She stepped back wringing her hands. Then she leaped out again, and appeared to be trying to call something to those below. Again the cry went up, "Don't jump!"

LEAPED TO HER DEATH.

Too late; the terrorized woman drew half back in the window, and, with an awful shriek, launched herself out in the air. Down she shot, her body turning over several times, and struck the marble steps of the residence. The crowd stood transfixed with horror as the woman's body rebounded and rolled to the pavement. For a moment no one moved. Then a man rushed forward, followed by a score. The woman was moaning pitifully. She was tenderly carried to Dr. Batchelor's office, opposite, and subsequently removed to the City Hospital, where she lies in a precarious condition.

Another colored servant, Mary White, was rescued by the firemen in a semi-conscious condition.

While these scenes of excitement and bravery were being enacted in the front of the burning residence other acts of bravery were enacting in the rear. Mr. Armiger's two daughters, Virginia, aged twenty-five, and Eleanor, fourteen, occupied the second-story back room. With the greatest presence of mind Miss Virginia, assisted by her sister, made a rope of their bed linen, and with this Eleanor was lowered to the ground. Fearing to trust her weight upon the slender cord, Miss Virginia dashed back to the bed, grasped the mattress, pushed it through the window to the ground, twenty feet below. She then jumped and landed thereon uninjured with the exception of a slight shock.

The only other person of the sixteen in the ill-fated house to be rescued was another daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Armiger, Mrs. Letitia Riley. She was carried down the ladder by the firemen, having been rescued by the smoke. When the fire had been gotten under control and the firemen made a search of the ruined residence, Mr. Armiger was found in the hallway. When Whitting dashed up-stairs with the alarm of fire, Mr. Armiger left his wife in the care of the colored man and went upstairs to awaken the other inmates of the house. He had been overcome by the smoke and flames and 'treated his art as he was carried into the open air.